

The Union and Eastern Journal.

"ETERNAL HOSTILITY TO EVERY FORM OF OPPRESSION OVER THE MIND OR BODY OF MAN."—JEFFERSON.

LOUIS O. COWAN, Editor and Proprietor.

BIDDEFORD, MAINE, FRIDAY, MAY 18, 1855.

VOLUME XL.—NUMBER 20.

UNION AND EASTERN JOURNAL.

The Union and Eastern Journal is published every Friday, at No. 1, Central Block, opposite the Biddeford House. Terms—\$2.00 per annum, or \$1.50 if paid within three months from the time of subscribing. Single copies 5 cents. T. F. B. PARKER, the American Newspaper Agent, is the only authorized agent for this paper in the State of New York, Boston, and Philadelphia, and is duly empowered to take advertisements and subscriptions at the same rates as required by us. His office is at New York, Tribune Building; Boston, South's Building; Philadelphia, N. W. corner Third and Chestnut streets.

MARCUS WATSON, Printer.

Agricultural.

CULTURE OF CARROTS.

We do not know of any other root crop that appears to be so well adapted to our climate and circumstances as carrots. Doubtless, the common turnip, so extensively grown in Great Britain, draws less from the soil than carrots; and, where climate is suitable, affords a better means of enriching a farm. For this reason, we would do all in our power to extend the cultivation of turnips, rutabagas, &c., but at the same time, we must admit that they do not appear to be so well adapted to this climate as the carrot; and they certainly are far inferior in nutritive quality. Carrots require much more labor in weeding, and must be sown earlier and at a busier season than the turnips and rutabagas. Nevertheless, carrots are an exceedingly valuable root crop, and no farmer should be without a considerable plot of them. As a condiment for horses, there is nothing equal to them, and while we cannot agree with those who consider a bushel of carrots equal in nutritive value to a bushel of oats, or with the learned Professor who asserts that, because carrots contain pectic acid, they gelatinize the food in the stomach of a horse, and make it more easily assimilable, yet, as an auxiliary food for horses and mules, cows, and indeed most other animals, they are of much more value than the simple amount of nutritive matter they contain would indicate.

A deep, rich, mellow, loamy soil—not too heavy, and yet containing sufficient clay to enable it, when well tilled, to resist an ordinary drought, is admirably adapted for carrots. From 20 to 40 loads of well rotted manure per acre should be spread upon the land in the spring, and incorporated with the soil as much as possible, before plowing, with the cultivator or harrow. Then plow it under as deep as the nature of the soil will warrant. Let four hands follow the team, and rake in to the furrow any manure that may be left uncovered, leaving the surface clean and smooth.

The ground should be sown soon after it is plowed, while moist, in rows 12 to 14 inches apart, and about half an inch deep. The soil should be pressed on the seed by treading or rolling. If this is done, and the seed is soaked 48 hours in tepid water, and then dried with plaster, till it will separate readily, before sowing, the difficulty of deficient germination, which many complain of, will be avoided. If sown by hand, 4 lbs. of seed per acre is the usual quantity; if with a drill, 2 lbs. will be sufficient. In the former case, the land should be marked out with a marker made for the purpose, and the seed be covered with a rake.

In this vicinity, carrots should be sown as early in May as the season will allow. If the weather is favorable, they will be up and ready for the first hoeing in about three weeks. The hoe should then be passed lightly through between the rows to kill the weeds. This is very important. Much labor of weeding afterwards will be saved by thus destroying the weeds before they have full possession of the ground.

The stirring of the soil also helps the growth of the carrots. In ten days hoe again, weed the rows, and thin out the carrots if too thick. After two weeks, hoe deep, and thin out the carrots to four or five inches apart in the rows, and the work is complete for the season. E. S. HAYWARD of Brighton, Monroe Co., N. Y., a very successful carrot grower, adopts this system of management. We were over his farm during the severe drought of last season, and his carrot crop was growing in fine luxuriance, apparently suffering no injury from the drought. The land was entirely free from weeds the hoe was passed through the rows frequently, and doubtless this constant stirring of the soil had much to do in mitigating the effects of dry weather. Mr. H. averages about 1000 bushels of carrots per acre. He says "there is no crop the farmer can raise that pays so well, or yields so much good feed for stock."

Experiments were made with artificial manures on carrots on the State Farm of Massachusetts last year. The manure was apportioned according to its cost, each acre being dressed with twelve dollars' worth. The result was as follows:

Barn yard manure,	743 lbs. per acre.
Guano,	609
Potash,	628
Delong's superphosphate of lime,	576
Mapes' "improved," do,	572
Reservoir manure,	540

The report does not inform us what kind of guano was used, but we suppose it to be Peruvian. Good Peruvian guano sown broadcast on the land after it is plowed, and cultivated in, (thoroughly incorporating it with the soil, is unquestionably an excellent manure for carrots. A good superphosphate, in addition to rich, well rotted barnyard manure, is recommended. One great advantage of artificial fertilizers for such crops as carrots, onions, &c., is that they are free from weeds and act quick.—Country Gent.

BEST HARDY GRAPES.

The best hardy grape for this state north of 42°, is the Isabella,—provided it can be trained on the south side of a wall or building or other warm place and be kept properly summer pruned. Judicious pruning will hasten the ripening at least one or

two weeks earlier than by neglected pruning. The Clinton is a very hardy free-growing vine, but the grape is rather small, and of second-rate quality. The Diana is about two weeks earlier than the Isabella, hardy, as large as the Clinton, and far better in quality. The Concord, a new sort, is also very hardy, a free grower, bearing very large and exceedingly showy bunches, of good quality; but not equal in flavor to the Isabella and Diana. It is said to be even earlier than the Diana, which we question, but it will undoubtedly prove a very valuable sort for all the northern portions of the Union, especially for marketing. The Elsieburg is an excellent hardy grape but quite small.

For vineyard planting, where each vine is trained to a stake, 1500 to 2000 vines are required for an acre. A few number are needed for trellis training. The Isabella and Clinton are usually sold at \$12 or \$13 per hundred, and probably lower for the thousand; the Diana for about one dollar each, and the Concord at three dollars—too high for vineyard planting at present. All may be had of most of the principal nurserymen. Dr. R. T. Underhill, of Croton Point, N. Y. deals largely in Isabella vines, and furnishes minute practical directions to purchasers.

The soil should be deep, loose, and very rich—properly subsoiling, and manuring by very thorough intermixture, would cost fifty to a hundred dollars per acre. The vines are planted in spring. The pruning and management we have already described in an article published a few weeks since.

Farm Work For May.

We have now come to the important season of putting seeds into the soil and watching their progress. May is an important month. May is New England is the month for planting. April is the usual time to sow the spring crops, but May invites us to plant the summer crops and prepare for tillage.

Potatoes should be planted early for they are not so liable to rot. They bear a high price, but we must save enough for planting. We still have hopes that the rot will not appear this season, but if it should, we may save enough to remunerate us at the present prices.

Corn is the important crop of the whole country. Corn is a native and never fails but in the coldest summers. Corn is good as a green crop, and good for keeping long on the ear. Corn yields more per acre than any crop. And as it is sure to yield well, the corn is in England.

Therefore we cannot be too careful of this important item in our list of planting material. Seed corn requires no preparation. It is not like wheat, liable to rust and smut, and requiring a thorough cleansing before it is committed to the earth. The seed should be kept on the cob till the time of planting. If shelled in the fall or winter and placed in a barrel or other close case, it will not vegetate. But there is no trouble with seed when the seed is kept free on the cob.

As to manuring and management there has been some change of opinion among farmers in this quarter within fifty years. Many now think that in warm soils, suitable for corn, it is better to spread the manure equally over the ground and bury it with the plough or harrow, than put a shovel into each hill. For when the whole is put in the hill there will be more corn stalk than corn.

Beans are becoming more important article than in former years. Dry white beans, of good quality, have commanded much higher prices within a few years than in former days. They make a very fashionable dish, and no gentleman now apologizes to a friend that has nothing better for dinner than baked pork and beans.

Garden vegetables are important to families in the country. Peas may be sown in April, but the early crops produce so little that they are not well repaid for planting. Peas of later growth serve to make salad meat agreeable, and as this is cheaper than the fresh bits from the carts, and probably more wholesome, there should be a strict attention paid to the garden. Asparagus, beans, turnips, squashes, cucumbers, and a variety of little herbs are gathered from a good garden.

Tillage is important in field and garden culture. Deep plowing or spading in gardens, where roots are grown, is more important than in fields devoted to corn or beans. Frequent stirring of the surface of village grounds brings moisture to the surface in dry weather, while it serves to dry the soil that is too wet, in case the operation is performed after the surface water is drained off.—Mass. Ploughman.

Tree and Tree Planting. Mr. E. Nichols writes from Dover, Beren County, N. H., to the Prairie Farmer, as follows. Transplanting evergreens is the bugbear. Understood it is not difficult. They are generally killed by deep planting and the want of mulching—the want of leaves from the woods or half-decayed straw, or tan, or something of the kind to keep the ground moist. Prepare the ground deep if you have time; take the hemlock or red cedar, spread the roots nicely on the smooth surface, cover three fourths of an inch deep, put on four inches of moist leaves and conifer with brush—few will die. Shade during the first summer. A bushful of leaves, set on the south side, is best.

The nurseryman must do his duty. He must take the trees up well, and direct that the roots be kept moist, and not exposed a minute to sun or air until planted. In the absence of moss or wet leaves, a wet sheet may be put immediately around the tops. If we go to the woods for evergreens we must ask the nurseryman ourselves.

SOAP VERSUS HENS AND CROWS. Mr. L. D. Cowles of this place, informs us that he and his brother, Chester Cowles, having

thoroughly tried the soaking of seed corn in soap over night and rolling in plaster before planting, as a means of securing quick and vigorous growth and as a remedy against crows and hens, and he says that nothing will give the corn a better start, and that neither hens nor crows will touch the corn when so treated. We have often heard of this before. The Messrs. Cowles say it is positively so.—Amherst, (Ms.) Farmer.

Miscellaneous.

Our Old Church and its Congregation.

No calm in all the world is so profound and holy as that which rests in the soul on a quiet Sabbath morning in the country.—Everything partakes of it. The birds do not sing loudly; the winds do not howl harshly; the trees shake their branches quietly and with a musical murmur. The sky seems nearer the earth, and the sunshine falls with a softness and balmy sweetness that tells of heaven.

Possibly a townsman might not feel it thus; but even the dweller in cities cannot altogether escape the influence of the quiet which reigns everywhere; and surprised and awed by the stillness to which he is unaccustomed, his soul gradually, but certainly yields to the holy spell which is over all the world around him.

We rise at the usual hour, and breakfast separately. I do not think we have taken coffee together, at home, on a Sunday, once in two years. If there is company at the Hall, they find their way to the breakfast room, at their own hour, and take care of themselves during the day. But Joe and myself always meet on the lawn after breakfast, and usually stroll a little way from the house into the wood, and sit on the grass, or on the rock seat near the river-side, and talk quietly, in a lower tone than other days. One habit we have that may be mentioned; it is, never to appear in dressing gowns or slippers, or in a careless dress, on a Sunday, at any hour.

Towards the church time we hear the sound of the village bell chiming musically across the forest and over the farms; and at the regular hour the horses stand saddled before the door, and the carriage, if there is any one to use it, and we ride slowly down the avenue. Sometimes we do not ride, but walk the few miles to the village, and then we leave the road, and find our way among the flowers and along the brookside, not loitering, but hastening through paths to the most beautiful scene of all—the village congregation.

If we ride, it is along the country road, half way through the forest, and the remainder by fields of grain or waving grass. Wagon load after wagon load of the females in the congregation pass along the same track. The long farm wagons, each holding three or four seats, with six or eight persons, are never used except on Sunday, or of an afternoon visit on a week day.

There is a remarkable uniformity in the dresses of all the different people that you see in these vehicles. Black silk dresses abound among the elderly ladies, and pure white muslins the prevailing style for the children and girls. The young ladies, and the matronly young wives of farmers, have a peculiar style of bonnet and shawl, and much very fine; while the men, young and old, are attired in the same heavy cloth dress coats, with high thick collars, which push their hair to the tops of their heads and destroy the equilibrium of their hats.

Each party we pass greets us pleasantly, and we exchange inquiries about the families, and family affairs, and part without a good bye, or even a bow, for we are not all on a pilgrimage together, and all going to the same house.

The bell is tolling as we enter the long village street, and each little white gate is thrown open for the exit of a small company, dressed in gay apparel than the farmers wear. We enter the church door reverently. My it never be otherwise.

That old church is the holiest spot on earth to us; and those square pews are the dearest resting-places for our weary bodies and souls that we shall ever find this side of Heaven.

We were children together, Joe Willis and I, and our fathers and mothers used to sit to those pews adjoining each other; and Joe and I held whispered consultations under the curiously-elevated raft that separated us. There lay the very books they had used; the cushion, now old and faded, but still the same; the pulpit unadorned in any particular, half to its high sounding-board, and the window, even in each pew, was there, with the same old sunshine stealing in on us during sermon time. Outside the window was evidence of change. There lay the sleeping congregation, except only those who were buried in the north graveyard, and the old pastor reposed with his people.

Across the church was the seat occupied by Judge Willis, until the death of Joe's father, when the Judge took his place. There in the old time, we used to see on Sabbath mornings the saint-like face of Ellen Willis, now gone to God, and there we used at times to hear, above all the congregation, the music of her bird-like voice, soaring away before her to the Heaven she was approaching. There under the pulpit, we have deposited the forms of those we loved, and thence have carried them out, father, mother, brother and sister, (and dearer than all these), to their rest in the burial ground.

I say that church is the holiest place on earth to us. Could it be otherwise? There were other scenes to make it holier still;—scenes when the soul had wings to penetrate the distance that separates us from Heaven—eyes to behold clearly the glories that now veil us but faintly in dreams—and power to feel somewhat the breadth and depth of that love which sustained our lost ones, every one, in the trial of the dark hour.

And were they not sustained? When the night of gloom gathered around them,

was there not some good hand to guide them, some life-giving voice to cheer them, some stout arm that they could lean upon? Else how was it that they did not fear and tremble, and all entered the unknown country, and spoke words of cheer, and promise, and joy, even when the cloud received them out of sight?

Blessed be the memory of the old church forevermore. Blessed, too, be the memory of the old pastor. Mr. Winter was a man of God.—For fifty years he walked before that people in meekness and gentleness, but with all the dignity of his holy profession. I can see him now as when I saw him last, his white locks flowing down over his shoulders, his calm eyes resting on mine with a look of deep affection; and I hear the voice, full of love, wherewith he gave his solemn benediction to the departing boy.

Good old man! When I am weary of the world, when I incline to doubt the existence of true holiness, when I am disappointed, harassed, and ready to yield—I remember him, who, after four score years of suffering, of wandering and homelessness, was a calm confidant of the truth of God and His eternal rest, as if he had but yesterday come from that home and now returning.

His voice was clear and full even at 80.—It trembled sometimes, but with emotion, not with weakness. His step was feeble for many years, and on a Sunday afternoon I have known him to enter the church instead of ascending the pulpit stair; then his voice sounded greater depths in his hearers' hearts than at other times, for they felt soon the old man must go.

One morning he was too feeble to preach. It was the last day that I ever saw him in the church, for I left home shortly afterwards, and was absent for a long time, wandering up and down the world. He drove up to the door in his low wheeled gig, and feebly alighted, while George Stevens, the son of a wealthy farmer in the congregation, took care of the horse, and elder Mr. Stevens gave him an arm as he reached the ground. He entered the church with a slow and heavy step. But as he crossed the threshold his form grew erect; he lifted his head reverently from his seat, and looked with a bright eye up to the ceiling of the old house, while the inspiration of the place poured a flood of sunshine over his weather-beaten countenance.

He needed no help down the long aisle, for the strength he had so suddenly acquired sustained him thus far. But as he approached the altar, where he had offered Sabbath sacrifice morning and evening for so many long years, he seemed again to feel his mortality. Reaching out his hand feebly to the rail that enclosed the chancel, he supported himself on it, and appeared for a moment about to fall, but at length he gained a chair. His eyes roved over the congregation, resting finally on a spacious pew on his right, where sat the old man who had been his counsellor and assistant since he was young. One of them, Solomon Pearson, understood his wish, and approached him to the pastor communicated his inability to preach, and after a few moments' consultation, Solomon resumed his seat, and Mr. Winter rose and offered prayer.

In those days we had no choir, but the preceptor, whose seat Mr. Winter occupied that day, stood near his side and sang, while with one voice, the whole congregation joined; and there was never such music in any other place on earth, such a fervent outpouring of heart and soul, as was in the old church that morning.

"Now Mr. Winter arose and spoke to the people." "He had thought," he said, "to have addressed them this morning some words of faith and promise, which had reached his heart with much force as he meditated on the events of that day which was the day of his annual sermon, since it was the day of his installation, fifty one years before. 'There were not many there,' he continued, 'who remembered that day.' He saw that four persons in the church could recall its incidents; and only one was present who took part in the proceedings.—And here he turned toward an old man on his left, and with deep emotion uttered one sentence in the hearing of us all that impressed itself on my mind indelibly. 'They are all gone, my friend, and the churchyard is well nigh full. Let us go to them.' And he passed and bowed his head very low; and before he lifted it, a fear came upon that entire congregation, lest he should never speak to us again.

A sob broke the stillness. It came from son Philip's pew; and the old pastor turned his eyes fondly towards it, and then to his people, and in a few words told them to go home, for he could not preach that day, and might never preach again. But he bade them remember so long as they lived, his last words to them; and then his eye kindled and his head was uplifted, and his form grew erect, and he looked up steadily, as if through the little semicircular window in the gable of the church he could see that whereof he spoke; and now, in a pure voice that rose solemnly above the deep hush that prevailed, he said aloud, 'I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth. And though, after my skin, worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God.'

Many years after that Sabbath morning, I was in a lonely hall, in the midst of an assembly of noble men and fair ladies; and for the pleasure of the throng, a singer, worshipped by one half of Europe, was poured out her melody. I had never heard her, and like the rest, I waited in profound silence for her utterance. That scene is before me now;—the gorgeous hall, the magnificence of apparel, the heavy tapestries, the splendid appointments, the oppression of princely presence. At length her voice was heard—low, bird like, unutterably sweet; and it thrilled through the

hearts of those who listened, till unchecked tears gave evidence of the power of melody. That opening note was all that I heard; for as she glided through the magnificent strains with which Handel has clothed that sublime passage, my spirit fled to the old church in the village, and I was listening the last words I ever heard there from the lips of the old pastor.

Blessed be the memory of the old church, be the memory of those who were his friends and companions, his counsellors and supporters. Of Solomon Pearson I have spoken. He has gone to his reward. So, too, has William Denton, a good and an honest man. We can never enter the church again without thinking of him. He was never tall, and in his old age, he was so bent down as to seem almost deformed. He used to come into church by the middle aisle, and always paused a moment after he entered, in silent prayer. Then with a quiet swiftness of his body, and an eye singularly turned toward the pulpit, he would walk up and take his seat in the elder's pew, and sit there, motionless as a statue, until the benediction.

He was a man of peculiar intellectual power, and had accomplished more reading and study than all the rest of the congregation together.

William Benton has long ago joined the congregation in the graveyard, and rests in hope with his wife Alice.

John MacLean was another of the elders, who died when I was but a boy. He was a stern, harsh man, one of a class, I am thankful to say, now almost extinct. Religion with him was a duty, and not a pleasure. It could scarcely be called bigotry, but it had no grace or beauty. It lent no gentleness to the man, gave no tinge of heaven to his soul. On the contrary, he who would otherwise have been a harmless, inoffensive being, became a terror to the young, and almost an enemy to the old.—He had no friends, no allies in life, but walked undisturbed along his own path, proud of his own professed humility. No one had fault to find with him, and none were ever heard to speak well of him.

The iron handed and iron hearted farmer was advancing toward the prime of life, when his wife died, leaving him four sons, who grew up to be strong men, and were married and settled on farms near the village. Not many years afterwards he married a slight, pale girl in a distant city. There was mystery about the matter; and it was said that she was poor, and had married him for a home and a support, not for love. Others thought it was not so, and that she loved him. Certain it is that in the few years she lived with him, harsh, cold and stern as he was, she had learned to love him with all the trusting faith of a woman. It was a beautiful picture in the life of the hard man, that clinging love of his young wife, and like all very beautiful things, it soon faded, for she died.

But even this affliction served only to harden his features and his heart. She left him two children, a son and a daughter, whom he brought up with iron rule. They were like flowers blooming out among rocks, those two children springing up into youth with all their natural beauty, and purity, and freshness of character unchanged, and almost unaffected by the stern subjection under which they were kept.

Allan was a slightly formed boy, with a keen, quick, black eye, and a thoughtful countenance. Jessie, the youngest, was like him, but maidently and beautiful. They used to walk down the road under the elm row, every Sunday morning to the church, and sit together in the corner pew behind that in which their father sat in frowning gloom. After her mother's death, Jessie shed many tears and was very lonely. John MacLean was not a man to love from his children. They feared him, and had none of that affection for him, which makes a home happy. They trembled when he came in, for he seldom spoke pleasant words, and usually found fault with Jessie and scolded Allan, and sat gloomily before the fire all the evening. At nine o'clock he called all the household in for prayers, and then saw that every light in the house was out before he retired.

One night, when the bell rang for prayers, all were present but Allan, and he was not to be found. Jessie professed ignorance of his whereabouts, and none of the servants had seen him since dark. A frown gathered on the Elder's face as he commenced, and his voice was more harsh than usual.

While he was yet reading, Allan entered and took his seat in silence. His father paused and looked at him. "Where have you been till this time?" "I have been at Mr. White's, sir, spending the evening." Now Mary White was one of the prettiest girls in the neighborhood, and a smile passed over Jessie's face at this explanation. But a smile during prayer time was an unpardonable offence, and the anger of the parent descended on both of them in tones of thunder.

Allan had long been growing impatient of his father's severity, and his condition now bordered on madness. He rose from his chair while his father was speaking. His face was pale, and his eye flashed wildly. He walked across the room to Jessie, stooped low and kissed her, with a "Good-bye, Jessie, and without glancing towards his father, who sat motionless, with surprise, walked swiftly out of the door. MacLean, pale and terror-stricken, rushed from the house, calling Allan, Allan, but received no answer.

Through many a dreary year John MacLean called his wandering son, but he returned to him no more. Jessie was left most and of all that her selfish brother should have so forgotten her. And the fire blazed on the hearth through five winters and five times the spring flowers bloomed on the bank of the stream at the foot of the garden, and Jessie MacLean was

twenty-one, and very lovely. But the hour had come for John MacLean to enter the scenes he had so long spoken of. True to his life, his deathbed was calm and confident. He had been somewhat changed by Allan's departure, and Jessie had once or twice surprised him in tears.—His treatment of her, too, was in a measure kinder, but the world saw nothing to indicate that he was not the same stern man.

It was an evening in summer, and the clergyman who had been his pastor many years, stood by his side, and Jessie knelt at his feet. His large hand, now pale and thin, lay outside the sheet, and his gray hair, carefully combed back from his forehead, floated over the pillow. He had sent for his children, and they were coming.—One by one they entered his room, and stood around his bed. The twilight gathered around them, and the Elder's voice broke the stillness.

It was softer than ever before, and they said it trembled as he spoke of days long past. He recounted much of his life, telling them of his trials, doubts, and difficulties, and spoke penitentially of his errors. Most of all he longed to see Allan, who came not, and having charged his children solemnly for their future lives, he prayed earnestly for his wandering son. His voice grew fainter and fainter, and more and more broken, and at length ceased entirely. An hour passed, during which he seemed to sleep heavily. Then the sounds of a horse's feet were heard, coming swiftly towards the house, and he woke suddenly, and staring wildly in Jessie's face, said, "Tell Allan I blessed him,"—and a shiver passed through his giant limbs, and he died.

A moment afterwards Allan entered and threw himself down by the bedside; but there was no mistaking the countenance of death, and deep silence reigned in the room, broken at length by Allan's sobs.

It was dark; but Jessie felt her way along the bedside to Allan, and knelt by him, and put her arms around his neck and whispered, "He blessed you, Allan; and Allan thanked God audibly; and the two wept together while the pastor prayed.

The bell tolled sixty-nine in the solemn night, and all the people knew by the passing bell that John MacLean had gone from among them. Old men woke and turned restlessly, and were afraid to sleep again, and rose, and sat at their windows till the morning dawned, watching the clouds that drifted across the stars. It was strange, unpleasantly strange, to think of John MacLean as dead and standing before God. Children crept from their rooms to their mothers' doors, and asked who was dead; and hearing that it was the gaunt and harsh old man, rejoiced stealthily and slept more soundly for the relief they felt. No one wept for him but Jessie; and even now we were soon dried.

A week afterwards Allan and Jessie left the village together. They had some difficulty with the elder brothers, but Allan patiently silenced them, and took his sister away with him. Years passed, and no one heard of them, and the village changed, and the church grew older.

One autumn day a hearse entered the village, followed by a single carriage. They passed down the street to the church, and a servant led them to inquire for the sexton. He was easily found, and with his aid, a coffin was lifted from the hearse, carried up the aisle, and placed under the pulpit.—Shortly afterwards the sexton was seen digging a grave by the side of Elder MacLean's old Mrs. Bayley, who lived across the street, at once divided the truth. Putting on her shawl and bonnet, she walked across to the church door, and entered. Two men and a lady were kneeling by the coffin of a child. Jessie MacLean had brought her first daughter to sleep by the side of its stern grandfather.

Her husband and brother, with herself, were the mourners. Still and after the usual custom, the people began to fill the church; and the clergyman, who had been sent for, came up the aisle. The elder brothers had left the village two years before. The prayers were said, and there laid the coffin in the grave, and the people dispersed.

"Will you go with us, Allan?" said the husband of Jessie. Allan stood at the head of his father's long grave, looking steadily down at the grass above it.

"Will you go with us, Allan?" he repeated, but without reply.

"Come, Allan, come," said he at length, seizing his arm.

"Robert, promise to bury me here." "It shall be so."

Grasping each other's hand, they strode rapidly to the carriage, whither Jessie tearfully followed them, and they drove away. I have met Allan frequently, of late years, in the city; and Jessie sometimes comes to the village but Allan, never. In the church in the city, one Sunday not long ago, I sat by her side, and starting up from a dreamy listlessness, I was for an instant carried back to the old church in the old time, and turned my eyes swiftly around half fearing that John MacLean had seen me sleeping. But I saw only the cold, calm face of Allan, who sat near me; and looking up at the lofty roof, and around at the stained windows and then at Jessie's face again, I realized how far away was the boyhood that I dreamed of.

It is such memories as these that throng around the old church. Sometimes I dream of it at night, and in my visions see eyes that have closed long ago, and cheeks that blush no more. Sometimes in a deep sleep, after toil, I hear, as in former days, a brave old palm of the covenant resting on a grand tone, and as I listen I separate the voices, as I used to do in the old church—and at length the sound grows fainter and holier, and holier and fainter, as if it were floating away to heaven. I listen and awake.—Still receding, yet still more heavenly, I hear those voices in such songs as seraphs

sing, until at length they soar away in the far off harmonies that the freed spirit alone is capable of hearing.

What wonder that the old church seems like a sacred place; or that, when we enter it on a calm summer morning, and sit in the old pew that is so long since now, we should be lost in such memories as these?

We have a younger pastor since the death of Mr. Winter, and, as he rises to open the service, we wake from our communion with old times and listen with due reverence to the voice of prayer. The village choir, aided by an organ of not too great force, make pleasant music, and the sermon is heard by an attentive congregation. The open windows let in clear, rich air, from under the shadow of the trees around the church. Sometimes a stray bird enters and flutters across the ceiling, and dashes out again. Often a bee is seen buzzing and humming around the walls, and sometimes a commotion among the children indicates that a wasp has fallen into a pew and started them.

At length the service is ended, and the pastor remains in the pulpit until all but a few of the congregation have left; then he descends and holds a brief conversation with those that remain, and joins his wife and child, who wait him in their pew near the pulpit; they walk out together, and down the street, bowing to the people as they pass through the crowd at the door, where the wagons are standing, and where the ladies are talking awhile before they separate.—Owl Creek Letters.

Religious Denominations of the U. S.

We often hear it said, that if there were fewer religious denominations in the United States, there would be sufficient church accommodations for everybody. This argument is a particular favorite with a certain class of persons, when they are solicited to subscribe for the erection of houses of worship, but in the face of this round assertion, there are, in the entire country, with its population of 25,000,000, church accommodations for only 14,000,000. Allowing 3,000,000 for children too young to go to church, it follows that one-third of the entire population have no church to go to, even if they are so disposed.

The number of religious sects in the United States, are twenty, without counting the Chinese Buddhists in California, or sundry minor Christian denominations. The whole number of edifices of worship is about 36,000, capable of accommodating, as we have seen, 14,000,000 of people. The total value of the church property, held by these twenty denominations, is nearly \$90,000,000, in exact numbers \$86,416,639. The average value of each church and its appurtenances is \$2,400. These facts, which are derived from ancient times, and the census, capture another false notion, which is, that there is too much wealth in American churches.

The most numerous sect in the United States is the Methodist, the second the Baptist, and the third the Presbyterians. The first has church accommodations for over 4,000,000 of worshippers; in other words, the Methodists have houses of worship for one-sixth of the population. The Baptists have accommodations for more than 3,000,000, and the Presbyterians for more than 2,000,000. The fourth sect, in the extent of its accommodations, is the Congregational, the fifth the Episcopal, and the sixth the Roman Catholic. The number of churches belonging to the three leading denominations does not always follow this proportion, however. The Methodists, for example, while they can accommodate but twice as many worshippers as the Presbyterians, have three times as many churches. The Roman Catholics—though sixth on the list as regards accommodations, stand seventh in the number of their churches. Of the principle sects, that which has smallest edifices for worship, is the Methodist, and those which have the largest, are the Unitarians and Dutch Reformed. The smallest denomination is the Swedenborgian, and the next the Mennonites. There are no less than fifty-two Tunker churches, and 35,000 worshippers. The Friends, so numerous in this city have accommodations for about 300,000, or but little more than one hundredth of the entire population of the United States.

The richest denomination is the Methodist, which is set down in the census tables at \$14,936,671. The next is the Presbyterian, which is rated at \$14,309,889. The Episcopal, which in number of churches stands fifth, ranks third for its church property being estimated at \$13,261,970. The fourth is the Baptist, \$10,931,332; and the fifth the Roman Catholic, \$8,973,838; and the sixth the Congregational, \$7,973,962. Of these various sects, the two which sympathize the most in doctrine, are Congregationalists and Presbyterians—both adhering to the Westminster Catechism, and differing only in their form of Government, the one being Republican, the other Democratic.—Together these two sects have over 6,000 churches, can seat nearly 3,000,000 of worshippers, and hold church property to the value of more than \$22,000,000.

The sect whose average value of property ranks highest, is the Unitarian. Next come the Dutch Reformed, and the next the Jewish. The Swedenborgians, Roman Catholics and the Episcopalians follow in the order named. Of the leading denominations, the Methodists stand the lowest on the list, and the Baptists next, while the Presbyterians and Congregationalists hold a middle place.—Phil. Ledger.

THE PIZZLED PIG. One of our western farmers, being very much annoyed last summer by his best sow breaking into his corn-field, search was instituted in vain for a hole in the rail fence. Failing to find any, an attempt was made

Selected Articles.

GOTHE'S MATRONS. Goethe (says the Christian Spiritist), is nowhere richer or more peculiar than in his apocryphal and smaller poems. In the former, he usually presents one side of some important truth, or hits, with unerring aim, some prevailing error or folly.

How shall we learn to know ourselves? by reflection? Never. Only through action. Strive to do thy duty; then shalt thou know what is in thee.

But what is thy duty? That which is before thee—the task of the day.

In the works of men, as in those of nature, aims and intentions are especially to be regarded.

Botanists have a division of plants which name them "Incomplete"—one may also say that there are incomplete men, who are those whose inward longing and striving are out of proportion to their powers of action and execution.

Inconstant activity, of what kind soever, leads at last to bankruptcy of health.

It is not always necessary that truth should be embodied. It is all-sufficient if it hovers spiritually around—if, like the sound of bells, it floats with earnest friendliness through the air.

A man cannot properly be said to live till he rejoices in the well-being of others.

Pity is not an end, but a means, through the purest repose of the spirit, to attain the highest culture.

Wherefore it may be remarked, that those who pursue pity as an end and aim, are mostly hypocrites.

A duty discharged still seems a debt, for no one can satisfy himself.

The greatest esteem which an author can express for the public is never to bring forth that which it expects, but what he himself, with that degree of culture native and foreign to which he has attained, discerns to be right and useful.

It is by no means easy for people to understand one another, even with the best will and intentions; but to those must be added life, that disturbs everything.

Lie, as common as it looks, as readily as it seems to settle down into the commonplace and quotidian, still cherishes in secret higher aims, and is ever quietly looking around for the means of attaining them.

As from habit one looks at a watch which no longer goes, so turns the eye to those of beauty, from which love no longer looks out to us.

It is much easier to discern error than to find the truth; the former lying on the surface is readily perceived—the latter reposes in depth, whence not every one can call her forth.

Beauty is a revelation of the innermost laws of nature, which, without her mediation, must ever have been concealed from us.

Music, in its best sense, is less dependent upon novelty; yea, the older it is, the more accustomed one is to it, the greater is its effect.

A HUNGARY CARPET BAG. The Buffalo Express relates an amusing incident which occurred at Erie a few days since. A gentleman left Cleveland for New York at an early hour in the morning, without his breakfast, and being very hungry, upon the arrival of the train at Erie, entered the dining room, and placing his carpet bag upon a chair, sat down beside it and commenced a voracious attack upon the viands placed before him. By and by the proprietor of the establishment came around to collect fares, and upon reaching our friend, ejaculated, "Dollar, sir?"

"A dollar," responded the eating man, "a dollar—thought you only charged fifty cents a meal for one—eh?"

"That's true," said Meanness, "but I count your carpet bag one, since it occupies a seat." (The table was far from being crowded.) Our friend expostulated, but the landlord insisted, and the dollar was reluctantly brought forth. The landlord passed on, and our friend deliberately arose and opening his carpet bag, full in his wide mouth, disinterred into it saying, "Carpet bag, it seems you're an individual—a human individual, since you eat—at least I've paid for you, and now you must eat,"—upon which, he seized everything eatable within his reach, nuts, raisins, apples, cakes, pies, and amid the roars of the bystanders, the delight of his brother passengers, and discomfiture of the landlord, phlegmatically went and took his seat in the cars. He said he had provisions enough to last him to New York, after a bountiful supply had been served out in the cars. There was at least \$8 worth in the bag—upon which the landlord realized nothing in the way of profit. So much for meanness.

A FEW FACTS TO BE PARTED IN THE HAT.—The world estimates men by their success in life—and, by general consent, success is evidence of superiority.

Never, under any circumstances, assume a responsibility you can avoid consistently with your duty to yourself and others.

Base all your actions on a principle of right, preserve your integrity of character and, in doing this never reckon the cost.

Remember that self-interest is more likely to warp your judgment than all other circumstances combined; therefore look well to your duty, when your interest is concerned.

Never make money at the expense of your reputation.

Be neither lavish or niggardly; of the two, avoid the latter. A mean man is universally despised, but public favor is a stepping-stone to preferment; therefore generous feelings should be cultivated.

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Never relate your misfortunes, and never, grieve over what you cannot prevent.

THE SIGN OF THE TIMES. It is worthy of notice, among the signs of the times, that in many towns where Mr. Sumner has lately spoken, he has been welcomed and heard by men of all parties, forgetful of former differences. At Lynn, the meeting at which he spoke was organized by the

choice of six vice-presidents, being the ex-mayors of the town, Whigs, Democrats and Free-Soilers, without distinction of party. At Lowell he was introduced to the audience by a Whig, and on the platform was the Mayor of the city, the Speaker of the House, and distinguished citizens, while such Whigs as Hon. Linus Child occupied prominent seats and testified much interest in the occasion. The *Newburyport Herald* spoke of his audience there as "the most intelligent collected this season." In smaller towns, as we understand, the attendance has been general. All this shows that the old party ties have lost their influence, and that the people are ready to hear the truth.

A SIGNIFICANT "CUT." The last number of the *Republican Journal* contains a cut of a human skeleton—and a very meagre one at that—under which are printed the following words:

Last remains of a poor man as they appear after "promoting science."

We think the cut is a very correct representation of the condition of Frank Pierce and his national democratic party.

Two years ago this party was a round, plump body, held together by bane and sinew and animated with the life blood of true democracy.

But under Pierce's culture it is absolutely reduced to nothing but unsightly bones, disjointed and hung together with rusty wires—having no sinew, no vitality, no blood, no heart, no soul; it is an unrecognizable thing which every honest man and true patriot would kick from his path and wish to have buried from his sight.—*Jeffersonian*.

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Gentlemen's Wear.

CONSISTING OF BROAD CLOTHS

Of every Color and Quality.

Cashmeres, Emmentes, Satinets, Tweeds, Doanins.

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VESTINGS,

Of the richest variety, among which may be found

Plain and Fancy Silk Velvets,

Silk Granadines,

Satins, Marseilles,

VELVETTES, CASHMERES, &c.

Any of the above goods are prepared to suit by the yard at the very lowest prices, or Manufacture into gentlemen's garments, and with great care. It is no humbug, as hundreds can testify who have worn them.

They also receive a selection of

GENTLEMEN'S

Furnishing Goods,

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Neck and Pocket Kerchiefs, Napoleon Neck Ties,

Stocks, Scarfs, Goggles, Suspenders, Shirts,

Collars, Bowties, &c.

They have on hand and are continually manufacturing

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Which they offer from TWO to THIRTEEN dollars,

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And Pantaloons

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100 Different Styles.

Many of which are elegant and of fine texture.

They give their attention to CUTTING

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Since April, 1855.

The voluntary testimony of living witnesses, that

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Is the most valuable ever offered to the public for the cure of all Humors.

It has stood the test of more than seven years, and in offering it to the public we are proud of its operation.

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OF ALL KINDS

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GOUGHS, HEMORRHOGE

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WM. BAILEY, M. D., Saco, Me.

FOUND AT LAST.

THE COMPOUND

THAT WILL PRESERVE THE BALANCE, PREVENT ITS FALLING OFF, AND CURE BALANCE.

Also a certain cure for the

NERVOUS HEADACHE.

PIERCE'S

ROSETTA HAIR TONIC.

A entirely new compound, composed of the most

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